

Cooking and Love

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Category:

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Fandoms:

[Dead Plate \(RachelDrawsThis Video Game\)](#), [Ratatouille \(2007\)](#)

Relationships:

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Characters:

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Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2024-01-24 Words: 1,688 Chapters: 1/1

Cooking and Love

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

I was on my way to the kitchen of La Gueule de Saturne to talk to Vince when I met a rat. He can talk and I can understand him! My honey-colored fairy wings must have something to do with it.

- A translation of [Cuisiner et Amour](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I'm Rody. I work at La Gueule de Saturne as a waiter. I'm on my way to the kitchen to talk to Vince, but he's not there. I'm about to leave and go back to the customers when I hear a voice.

"Where can he be?"

A small voice that seems to come from the floor.

"Emile! Where are you?"

I look down and see a rat. A gray rat that has just spoken.

"OH!" He exclaims when he sees me. "Danger!"

The rat wants to run away when I catch him in my hands. He struggles.

"Please, please, I don't want to die! I must find my brother!"

"Hey, calm down." I said softly. "I understand you."

I open my hands and the little rat is all confused.

"You... understand me? When I talk?"

"Yes! My fairy wings must have something to do with it."

"Wow!" Said the rat as he saw them. "How is that possible?"

"I don't know. I just woke up one morning and there they were."

"Do you have magical powers? Like turning invisible or...?"

"No. I'm just a regular guy. I work here as a waiter."

Noticing that the cooks were all turned towards me, I hid the rat in my apron pocket.

"We'll continue this discussion later." I murmured. "Be discreet, okay?"

"Okay. I'm Remy and you are?"

"Rody."

I give the cooks a lame excuse and they get back to work. Vincent arrives at the same moment.

"What are you doing here?"

He doesn't look happy. His eyes seem to be glaring at me.

"I wanted to talk to you, but it can wait. I'm going back to work!"

"You better be. I'm watching you."

I swallow and go back to work. Remy keeps a low profile. I can barely feel him in my pocket.

When the day's work is done, I return to my apartment. I take Remy out of hiding.

"This is my home." I say to the talking rat.

"Say... I don't want to offend you, but this is a real dump! Is that water I hear rushing?"

"Yeah. The bathroom needs repairs."

"Holy cow. I can help you tidy up if you want."

"Thanks, but no thanks."

I set Remy down on the floor and he explores my apartment. Meanwhile, I take a shower.

"So," I said to Remy after getting dressed and exiting the bathroom, "what were you doing at La Gueule de Saturne?"

"I was looking for my brother Emile. He's disappeared and I thought I'd find him in a restaurant's kitchen."

"We very rarely have rats in our kitchen and, honestly, I'm sure they get killed."

Remy swallow.

"But don't worry! I'm sure he's fine! He's probably lounging around somewhere."

"I hope you're right. So what are we eating tonight?"

"Uh..."

I look in my fridge. There are leftovers from the restaurant Vince gave

me days ago that I refuse to eat, beer and a hamburger.

"...well, a hamburger?"

"What?!"

Remy climbs on me to see the contents of my fridge. He becomes furious.

"No, no and no! There's no way we're eating that! Let's go to the grocery store and I'll cook something."

"Wait, you can cook? But you're a rat!"

"Yes, I can cook. Not you, from what I can see."

I restrain myself from shouting an insult at him, then I think.

"Hey? Why don't you teach me how to cook? That might help me."

Help me either find my beautiful Manon again, who still refuses to answer my calls, or impress Vince. Strangely, I blush when I think of him.

"Ha! You want to impress your flame?" Remy asks me without embarrassment.

"Yes, that's it."

"I can't say no to love. I'll help you!"

I thank my little companion. Yet I feel strange. Am I in love with two people at the same time?

I go to the grocery store and buy bread, eggs, flour, butter... the basics for cooking. Then Remy tries to teach me how to cook an egg and French toast. It was a disaster. I burn everything I do!

"Rody, I'm afraid you're a lost cause." Remy says dejectedly.

"I don't want to give up! I can't give up! There must be something I need to do differently. Maybe..."

While I'm thinking, Remy climbs on top of my head. My fairy wings shine. Remy falls unconscious.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" I shouted uncontrollably.

My body moves beyond my control. I fall to the ground. I roll. I pick myself up. I look in my bathroom mirror. My eyes have changed color. They're brown, like Remy's, rather than blue. My hair is still red.

"I... I... I..." I said with palpitation and fear.

I touch Remy. He's breathing, his heart is beating, but he's not moving, as if he's dead.

"I... am... Remy... I am Remy and I'm Rody! I mean, I'm in control of Rody! Rody? Can you hear me?"

I can hear him, but I can't answer him. I feel paralyzed, trapped.

"Oh la la! Oh my god! What to do?"

I, or rather Remy, return to my oven. He looks at my French toast and my burnt egg.

"Come on!" He said aloud to himself in my own voice. "I can do this. I can cook with this... your body!"

He throws the burnt food in the garbage can. He washes the dishes. Remy refrains from screaming with joy when he sees that he's succeeding.

"Washing dishes is one thing. Cooking is another. Here I go."

Remy starts preparing the egg. He manages to crack it just right. The egg white and yolk fall into the pan. He smiles. He opens the cooking ring and cooks the egg to perfection!

"AH! Rody, Rody, I'm doing it! I can cook as a human!!!"

I want to congratulate him, but I can't. I can only look at him. Remy then bakes French toast. He eats the whole meal and my taste buds revel in it.

"It's delicious! Rody, if you could do the same thing, imitate what I do when I control you, you'll be cooking like a pro in no time!"

I agree with him, but it can't be that simple, can it? There's a more pressing problem to deal with. How can I regain control of my body?

"Now, how can I give you back your body? Shall I remove myself from your head?"

He takes the rat with my hands. As soon as he's off my head, I scream.

"AHHHH!"

"Rody?" Remy asks me.

The gray rat moves again. I look at my eyes in the mirror. They're blue again. Remy and I laugh together.

"It was incredible! I could cook while being you!" Remy tells me.

"I know. Like you said, if I can imitate you then I can cook without burning anything."

"Why don't you try it?"

He's right. Why not give it a try? So I set to work.

Later, when I look at my egg and French toast, baked to perfection, I jump with joy.

"Remy! I... I... I can cook!"

"I know."

It was the beginning of a friendship. Thanks to Remy, and the fact that he can control my body, I'm learning more and more complex recipes. Months go by. Every evening, I try to get Manon on the phone. She never answers.

"Is she your ex-girlfriend?" Remy asks me. "Maybe you should let it go."

"NEVER! I love her!"

"Didn't you have someone else in your heart?"

I immediately think of Vincent.

"Yes, but... I don't know if he loves me too."

Why deny it? I love him, as I love Manon.

"You should cook him something and confess your feelings."

"That's a great idea!"

At work, I ask Vince if I can drop by his apartment in the evening. I'm

surprised, but he agrees.

"So, you're in love with your boss?" Remy whispers to me, hidden in my apron pocket. He comes to work with me every day.

"Yes. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Not at all! But... he scares me."

"It's true that he's stern and seems to want to be left alone... but I love him."

After my day's work is done, I set Remy down on the floor. He tells me he's going to look for his brother Emile.

"I'm going to see you again, I hope."

"Of course! Good luck, Rody."

Remy leaves and I go to Vincent's apartment. As soon as he sees me, my boss asks me what I want.

"You may not believe me, but I've learned to cook and I want to show you what I can do."

"You're right. I don't believe you and there's no way you're touching my kitchen."

"The one at the bistro, then?"

"Neither. Go home, Rody."

"No way! Vince, I love you!"

It just came out. For the confession after a meal, it's a failure. Vincent looks at me as if I've lost my mind.

"I'm not crazy! I love you, Vincent!"

"Oh? And your Manon?"

His words are like a stab in the heart.

"Manon... doesn't want me. She doesn't give me any sign of life."

"So, you're just going for the first person available, is that it?"

"NO! My feelings for you are true!"

I'm red with embarrassment and anger.

"Unless you don't love me? Is that it, don't you love me? Say something!"

"You don't give me time to talk. Rody, I... Yes, I love you. I wasn't showing it, of course, but I love you."

I smile then. A great weight seems to be released from me.

"So... can I... hold you in my arms?"

Vince blushed. I've never seen him blush before. He nods. I take him in my arms. Our heats seem to mix together.

"So, about this cooking thing..." He says to me.

"Are you going to let me make you something?"

"Yes, but I'll be watching you. There's no way you're ruining my kitchen."

I smile. I release myself from our embrace and we go to his kitchen. I cook for Vincent and with love. I wish Remy were here to see this.

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